

6th

THE

Search after Claret;

OR, A

VISITATION

OF THE

VINTNERS.

A

P O E M

In two CANTO'S.

*A witty poem on ye vintners from Whitechappel
to Westminster.*

*Doubtless the Pleasure is as great
In being Cheated, as to Cheat.*

Hudibras.

London, Printed for E. Hawkins, 1691.

24. febr.

SEARCHED BY CL

VISITATION

VINTAGE

P.O. F. I.

IN THE COURT OF
JAMES B. BROWN JR. JUDGE
TO THE COURT OF

County of ... State of ...
Being ... and ...
and ...

27. 1885

T H E

Epistle Dedicatory.

TO all Lovers, Admirers and Doters on Claret,
(Who tho' at Deaths-Door, yet can hardly forbear it)
Who can Miracles credit, and fancy Red-Port
To be Sprightly Puntack, and the best of the sort.
To all Mornings-draught Men, who drink bitter Wine,
To Create a false Stomach against they'r to Dine.
To all Tavern-kitchen Frequenters and Haunters,
Who go thither to hear Mistrefs Cooks foolish Banters,
To Partake of a Dumpling, or Sop in the Pan;
A Large Rummer Drank up, troop as fast as they can.
To all sober Half-Pint Men, and serious Sippers.
To all old Maudlin Drinkers, and 12 a Clock Bibbers,
To all Drinking Committees, Knots, Clubs, Corporati-
Who while others are snoring, they'r settling the Nations (ons
To all the brisk Beau's who think Life but a Play,
Who make Day like the Night, and turn Night into Day.
To all Lovers of Red and White-Port, Syracuse,
Barcelona, Navarr, or Canary's sweet Juice.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*To all Drinkers of Sherry, Old Hock, or Moselle,
Or of Tent, which soon teaches the Flesh to Rebel.
To all Alicant-Tasters, and Malaga-Sots. (Pots.
To all Friends to Straw-Bottles, and Nicking Quart-
To all Bacchus his Friends, who have Taverns frequented,
This following Poem*

Is Humbly Presented.

(1)

A

S A T Y R

ON THE

VINTNERS.

C A N T O. I.

From keeping our *Christmas*, not far from *Tom. Jolly's*,
Where innocent Mirth without Gambals and Follies,
Where a plentiful Table, and strong humming Liquor,
Serv'd to lengthen the Days, and make Night pass the quicker;
Half tyr'd with that Freindship and Kindness was shown,
My Friend and my Self then resolv'd for the *Town*,
To Drink, since our Stomachs both crav'd and could bear it,
A *Bottle* of good Old Dry Orthodox *Claret* ;
We call'd not at *Bow*, least all things should not hap-well,
And stop't not to Drink till we came to *White-Chappel*.

B

Where

I.

Where the first House we entred was honest *Tom.C-Boxes*,
 And planting our selves within one of his Boxes;
 We Order'd the Drawer to call for our *Friend*,
 If a Glas of good *Claret* to us he'd commend;
 He smil'd at our Question, and shaking his Noddle,
 He told us *by Tea* and *by Nay* not a *Bottle*;
 But if we would call for a Glas of *Red-Port*,
 He'd afford us the best, or be paid nothing for't;
 But our thoughts with his *Canting* not able to wrastle,
 Declining his Motion we went to the *Castle*.

II.

Where it seems a too plentiful dose of *Canary*,
 Which some Butchers had Drank for to make themselves Merry,
 Had by Liberal *Bumpers* quite spoil'd the design,
 And made them all mad by their Drinking much *Wine*;
 But seeing they all were Ingag'd *Snicker-Snee*,
 VVe thought fit to march off, and keep our skins free.

III.

At the *Crown*, of good *Claret* we sure were to fail,
 VVhich like the *Unn* Drink was half Mild and half Stale.

IV.

At *P-~~oor~~ points* we call'd, but what e're was the matter,
 His *Magpye* had long since forgotten to chatter,
 And no wonder at all he had laid by his Note,
 VVhen of *Claret*——
 He had not a drop for to moisten his *Throat*.

V.

Through *Aldgate* then passing, we stop at the *Mitre*,
 VWhere *Young Married Couples* to make their Hearts lighter,
 Take a jolly brisk Glas to embolden 'em to say
 That very hard Chapter, for *Ever and for Aye*.
 But the *Drawers* and *S—th* were so busie in Burning
 Of *Red and White-Port*, for the *Bridegroom's* returning,
 That they had no leisure (such mischief was in't)
 If they had any *Claret*, t'have drawn us a Pint.

VI.

At the *Crown* we Expected to find a good Draught,
 But minding two *Drawers* who whisper'd and laugh't
 VWhen we askt for Old *Claret*, we soon chang'd our Notes,
 And spending no Pence, bid good Morn Mr. C—ses.

VII.

VVe'd have call'd at the *Rose*, but we had a suspicion,
 (As wishing does sometimes exceed a fruition)
 That if we attempted to Taste of his VVine,
 'T would have a Complexion like that of the Sign.

VIII.

At the *Griffin and Hoop* we were farther to seek,
 For *Claret* to them was as barbrous as *Greek* ;
 Of *Red and White-Port* in their Vaults was no lack,
 But by *Bacchus* they had not a drop of *Puntack* ;
 Sure *Poper* will now be the *A la-mode* Fashion,
 VWhen the *Vintners* can swallow *Transubstantiation* ,
 And the Wine that was *French* about six Months ago,
 Has quite chang'd its nature, and's no longer so.

They

IX.

They whose Faith can a *Vintners* absurdities swallow,
 May take Scarlet for Blew, or Crimfon for Yellow;
 For when for Old *Claret* we ask't Mr. *Stobbs*,
 The Devil a drop could we find in his *Tubs*.

X.

The *King's-Arms* by its odd Situation and Bar,
 Did so like an *Alsatian* Tavern appear,
 That to tast of their *Wines* we were almost afraid,
 And so crossing the Kennel went to the *Naggs-Head*.

XI.

Not *Rome* for its Building was ever more famous,
 Or the late Times for Juries, they call'd *Ignoramus*,
 Than was that for *Claret*; but ah! how we rue it,
Jam jam Seges nunc est, u-bi Troja fuit.

XII.

At our Friend *Jacob Franklins* we thought to have found,
 Such *Claret* as would a dull *Stoick* confound;
 But our *Friends* in this Cause with the Wicked will joyn,
 He had no *Claret* (plainly) but he had *Port-Wine*,
 By which it appears like Noon-day to the Eye,
 Tho' *Saints* may not Swear, they'r permitted to Lye.

XIII.

The *Mermaid* who Swum in the Waves of brisk *Claret*,
 Complains her Complexion no longer can bear it,
 Since which time in the Stream of *Oporto* she glides,
 Forgetting she ever knew *Bordeaux* swift Tides;

Yet

Yet it looks something odd, and a kin to a Trance,
That *Lewis* of *Cornhill* scorns *Lewis* of *France*.

XIV.

In some place of his Vaults that resemble a Church,
One would think *Peter Wallis* his *Claret* did Lurch,
But he Swears that his Tuns are as empty of any,
As a bit Country Cully is empty of Mony ;
Besides he produces a Miracle for't,
What in *Cheapside* was *Claret's*, now turn'd to *Red-Port*.

XV.

What resemblance the *Ship* and the *Castle* may bear,
To Ships floating on Clouds, or to Castles in Air,
We know not, but this we are sure of, 'tis plain,
Their *Clarets* are perfectly Leigerdemain.

XVI.

By St. *Gregory's* Slippers we thought not to miss
Of a Glass of *Puntack* at the Sign of the *Fleece* ;
But he solemnly swore by the *Saint* of his Name,
For this twelve-Months he had not a drop of that same.

XVII.

Who ever was formerly Bit by the *Bear*,
Serv'd as use of Instruction to make us take care ;
For when ever the Soul of a *Vintner* is fled,
In his Cellers a strange *Interregnum* succeed,
Reds quarrel with *Whites*, and *Canary* with both,
If this be not so, give the *Cooper* his Oath ;
However for decency sake they are civil,
Yet with *Widows* Wine-Cellers the Drawers play the Devil.

XVIII.

He must surely have more than the Brains of a Man,
Who at *Change-time* can suffer the noise of the *Swan*,

A Half-Flask of Red-Port, a Pint of Canary,
 A Quart of Old Hock, and a Bottle of Sherry,
 Are the noises the Drawers do make e'ery minute ;
 If this be not pleasing the Devil is in it.
 Let me Drink with my Friend without noise or a throng,
 Here *all in Confusion's* plaid all the year long.

XIX.

Looking at the *King's-Head*, and observing the Sign,
 We suspected to find but effeminate *Wine* ;
 For the Painter had Drawn him a *Cesar* in Dress,
 With an *Amazons* Hair, and a *Womanish* Face.

XX.

VVhat ever Devotion we pay to the Sign
 Of *Popes Head*, 'tis be sure for the sake of his *Wine* ;
 But his Tenant was lately Casheir'd for an ill-son,
 And he hopes that the *Capt.* proves better than *Willson*,
 To which end all his *Wines* that from *France* lately came,
 Are to be Rebaptiz'd with a more *Christian* Name.

XXI.

At his Door with a Rummer we found *Neddy Drayner*,
 And perceiv'd by his looks that he was a Complainer.
 VVe whisper'd in's Ear, and desir'd (could he spare it)
 To let's have a Bottle or two of old *Claret* ;
 He started as frighted to hear our Demands,
 And answer'd, why *Gentlemen* (holding up's hands)
 D'ye know what you mean ? Let me dye like an *Ass*,
 If this twelvemonth I've seen, smelt, or tasted a *Glass*.

XXII.

VVe shook our Heads at him, and crossing the way,
 At the *Globe* we attempted another Essay ;
 VVhen we askt for old *Claret*, the Drawers were enchanted,
 And we for our parts thought the Mansion was Haunted,

(7)
So leaving the Tavern, in study profound,
We concluded indeed that the Globe was turn'd round.

XXIII.

At the *Mitre* we call'd in, and walking the Entry,
Spy'd a Soldier in Habit much unlike a Centry,
Who spewing, did in his short intervals say,
Pox take your Red-Port, and so Reel'd on his way,
We soon took the hint from his Stomach's Alarms;
They'r wife gain Experience by other Mens Harms.

XXIV.

Half vext to be baulk't in our pious design,
At the *Birds with long Bills*, vainly strove to get in ;
For a Croud at the Door 'bout a Man that was Preft,
Deny'd our Admittance and yet spoil'd no Jest,
For we fancied that Tavern was like all the rest.

XXV.

At the *Rose* we no sooner had come to the Bar,
But a sawcy Whelp askt if Arrested we were ;
We esteem'd this Affront, as provoking as any,
Kickt his Arse, and went out without spending a Penny.

XXVI.

We lookt in at the *Ship* and found the Boys idle;
And it seem'd unto us but a kind of a Riddle,
That a Vessel which only was fit to vend *Brandy*,
Should pretend to sell *Wines*, ay, and those good as can be ;
Besides, when we thought of a late Declaration,
Which was there hatcht in order to settle the Nation ;
We declin'd going in, lest at once we should lose,
Both our Health and our Credit by entering the House.

XXVII.

At the *Feathers* we call'd to see honest *Paul C—rry*,
Who was treating himself with a Glas of *Canary* ;

What

What, *Paul*, says my friend, dost thou Abdicat *Claret* ?
 Of all mankind I thought you could never forbear it ;
 He reply'd, once my Vaults had a plentiful Crop,
 But since my last Journey the Devil a *Drop*.

XXVIII.

At the *Bull-head* Ariv'd, we'd have call'd to see *V—rs*,
 But observing how Cullies and Cracks flockt by Pairs
 To the House, as the Unclean Beasts did into the Ark ;
 We were certain we then had mistaken our mark.

XXIX.

At the *Shepherd* when boldly for *Claret* we askt,
 He told us he'd very good *Florence* was Flaskt ;
 VVe smil'd at the wit of the pleasant Drawcansir,
 And thought it was much such a pertinent answer,
 As if I should ask a Man where he does dwell ?
 And he tells me his VVife and his Children are well.

XXX.

At the *Nags-head* of good we were sure to despair,
 VVhen we spy'd a young Female asleep at the *Bar*,
 VVhen the Inches of Candles were twinkling in Sockets,
 And the Drawers stood yawning with hands in their Pockets.

XXXI.

At *Mat. F—lers* the fam'd *Tory Tavern* then calling,
 VVhere the Drawers were all of them Hoarse with their Bawling.
 VVhen of delicate *Claret* we askt for the best,
 VVe were told, with that Juice his Vaults once were oppress'd,
 But they had not a Drop since the *Prentices* Feast.

XXXII.

Thus finding our wishes all come by mishap,
 VVent to House with the sign of *Prelatical Cap*,
 And asking for *Claret*, the Master returning
 This answer, for want on't his Tuns were in Mourning ;

VVe

VVe presently knew he had found out the Knack,
VVith *Red-Port* to supply all his wants of *Puntack*.

XXXIII.

To *Paul's Church-Yard* hasting, 'mongst Drapers, Chair-Makers,
VVhereof some are Christians, and others are Quakers.
VVe call'd in at *Pea-20ks*, and askt him the Question,
But he told us his VVine, tho it had the Complexion,
Was no more *Bourdeaux Claret*, than Brawn could be taken,
Or by any one thought to be Gammon of Bacon.
Besides, his Guests long since did's *Claret* Devour,
By drinking of Healths to th' Bishops ith' Tower.

XXXIV.

Then Crossing the way we stept to *Tom. A—lls*,
But he swere by *Stains Bridg* that he had but six Gallons
Of *Claret*; and they of his Trade were all *Block heads*,
If of that, of *Red-Port* they made not six *Hogs-heads*.

XXXV.

At the *Captains* we thought 't'have found that which was good,
But he told us in short, 'twas a *Wonder* we shou'd;
For the *French Wine* he bought, and paid ready Cole for't,
E're it came into *Corn-hill* 'twould all of't be *Port*.

XXXVI.

Then passing through *Lud-gate* we stept to the *Widows*,
Who a very kind Welcome obligingly bid us;
But Old *St—re* assur'd us, of rich *Claret Wine*,
Their Tuns were as empty as those of the *Sign*.

XXXVII.

Just crossing, we came to the *Vulture and George*,
Where just 'gainst the entrance, in Bar that was large,
Daniel En—r appear'd with a Presence as Noble,
As if he were *Visser* at *Constantinople*.

When we askt him for *Claret*, he had not a Drop,
 For the *New River-Water Men* drank it all up ;
 Tho the Riddle it self we could hardly Divine,
 How the Dealers in VVater should Drink so much *Wine*.

XXXVIII.

Passing over *Fleet-Bridg*, still on that side the way,
 We resolv'd at the five *Bells* a visit to pay ;
 When we askt him for *Claret*, he vow'd not a drop,
 For he had in *Lavender* laid it all up,
 Resolving for no man to draw off a Gill on't,
 Till by Law he could let all his Guests have their fill on't ;
 His obstinate Humour we well could not weather,
 So stept cross the way for to call at the *Feather*.

XXXIX.

But how much surpriz'd were we, both for to find,
 The Birds flown, who had yet left their *Feathers* behind.

XL.

To the *Castle* we went, and for *Gl—ver* inquir'd,
 And a *Glas* of Old *Claret* we humbly desir'd ;
 But he vow'd he had none on't what ever we'd pay,
 For 'twas all on't Drunk up last *Cæcilias* day.

XLI.

At the *Greyhound* we call'd, and did *Claret* demand,
 But the Drawers or did, or would not understand ;
 Sir we've *Florence*, Old *Hock* Sir, or very good *Port* ;
 Have you so (says my Friend) then to make you some sport,
 Mix your VVines all together, and when they are thick,
 Add some *Gunpowder* to 'em and give 'em Old-Nick.

XLII.

To the *Globe* we then marching just over the way,
 VVe found Drawers ingag'd in Blood, Battle, and Fray ;

So thinking that *Claret* we there should find none,
Turn'd our backs on the Bar, and advanc'd to the *Sun*.

XLIII.

VWhere the *Captain* it seems, to his thoughts recommending,
The threatening loud storm o're the *Vintners* impending ;
Discreetly resolves for to leave off betimes,
And not be the Partner of other Mens Crimes ,
VWill Retire to the Country, and Live free from Strife,
The wisest of Actions he did in his Life.

XLIV.

At the *Horn* we were welcom'd with so much *Address*,
As if we were persons of highest Nobles ;
But when our demands had arriv'd at their Ears,
By their Looks we soon read their suspicions and fears ;
For *Informers* they took us, but we well assur'd,
That this was a Grievance not fit t' b'indur'd,
Call'd 'em all Sons of Batchelors, Panders and VWhores,
And so in a Passion went both out of Doors.

XLV.

VWhen at the *Green Dragon* we askt for some *Claret*,
Us as if we were *Camels* the Drawers did stare at ;
They told of good *Port* we were sure not to fail,
But we fearing the Sting it might have in the Tail,
Declin'd it.—

XLVI.

—And so to the *Fleece* next advancing,
VVe heard such confusion of Singing and Dancing ;
And not willing to follow so loud an Example,
Ne're stept in, but crost over the way to the *Temple*.

XLVII.

VWhere *Watt*—like the *Swiss* of his Family stood,
VVe whisp'ring in's Ear for a Bottle of *Good* ;

Why

VVhy Gentlemen, says he, observe but my *Sign*,
And you'l ne're think I sell *Anti-Christian Wine*.

XLVIII.

VVe had call'd at the *Hoop*, but the Door was shut fast,
And we heard the poor *F—nch* had just warbled his last ;
In some places we spend what in others we get,
So the *House* and the *Widow* are both to be *Lét*.

XLIX.

At the *Captains* we hope't to have met with a *Glass*,
(But sometimes we wish for what ne're comes to pass)
He assur'd us of *Claret* he had not a *Gill*,
But of *Delicate Florence* we might have our fill ;
And could he find *Claret* he'd give nothing for't ;
So we left the *Bull-head*, cause his Horns were so short.

L.

At the *Head* of Old Jolly Gruff great Codpeic'd *Harry*,
VVe expected to find out a *Glass* to be Merry ;
But the name of *Puntack* was forgotten and Dead,
And strange *Barcelona* now Reign'd in his stead ;
VVithal such a noise was still made at the Bar,
Of *Florentine* Flasks, and full Quarts of *Navar* ;
Let me Dye of the *Pip*, or my Mistress scorn,
If I did not suppose that I was at *Leghorn*.

LI.

VVe were crossing the way at the *Star* for to call in,
But alas ! we perceiv'd the *Bright Meteor* was fallen,

LII.

At the the *Queens-head* the Porters were letting down *Wines*,
And at the Ropes, stumbling, my Freind hurt his Shins ;
This as an ill Omen supposing, refus'd,
VVithin with bad VVine to be doubly abus'd.

LIII.

By the noise of *Port, Port*, which the Drawers all made,
 One would guess the *Three-Tuns* had a thundring great Trade;
 But *Claret* was *Hebrew* and *Greek* to their Ears,
 Tho' they know it as well as they do their Neck Verse,
 He does all th' occasions of doubting prevent,
 That's Cheated and Bubbled by's proper consent.

LIV.

At *Fenwick's* the Son of a Parson so civil,
 Who lives at the sign of the *Junior Devil*;
 We askt for a Bottle of you know what Juice,
 But he told he'd oblige us with rare *Syracuse*;
Syracuse quoth my Friend! what a Devil is that?
 For as sure as my Brains now lie under my Hat,
 It may be *Aqua-Fortis*, or else I may lye.
 Pox take your hard name Sir, and so Sir good Bu'y.

LV.

At the *Young-Devil* failing, we went to his *Dam*,
 But as soon as in sight of the Bar we were came,
 A Drawer Officially shews us a Room;
 We told him immediately for what 'twas we come;
 He started as if a pale Ghost he had seen,
Lord Gentlemen! pray you explain what you mean:
 My Friend had explain'd it, I faith, on his Pate,
 If by my interposing I hindred not that;
 But because I desir'd him for once to be civil,
 He concluded with Heaven keep us from all evil;
 But send you all quickly, from whence we go, the Devil.

Thus finding the Vintners, some Swearing, all Lying,
 And that no Man in's Wits would their words e're rely on;
 Dispairing to find out a Glafs of good *Claret*,
 Tho' we thought 'twas no Virtue all-times to forbear it;
 Finding all our Endeavours, our Hopes, Wishes fail,
 We concluded the Evening with *Nottingham-Ale*,

Resolving next morning as soon as Day-break,
(Dispatching some business) to search for Puntack.

C A N T O II.

W Ight morning arriv'd, where Men Ply for their Fares,
We took *Oars*, and were Landed at *Parliament-Stairs* ;
Having finish'd our Business in *Westminster-Hall*,
Where the Lawyers do *Billingsgate* loudly out-baul.

I.

At the *Butlers-head* first we propounded the question,
But the Master o'th' House was such a mo—dest one ;
He believ'd that there was not a Drop in the Nation,
For 'twas all on't drunk up at the *Last Coronation*.

II.

At the *Fountain* then looking, we lik't not the *Sign*,
For *Hedg-Taverns* have commonly none but *Hedg-Wine*.

III.

We'd have call'd at the *Bell*, but were told by a Scout,
That the *Clapper* for several Months has been out.

IV.

As we entred the *Sun* with'a grave *Spanish* pace,
Met a Man in the Entry was Scorcht in the Face ;
But we willing to learn Wit by other Mens Harms,
Left the House, and directly went to the *King's-Arms*.

V.

Who tho they pretended to sell *Red* good as can be,
P'de rather at any time drink *Cherry-Brandy*.

Where

VI.

Where ever the *Swans* may have done in the *City*,
The *Swan* here in *King-street* had sung her last *Ditty*.

VII.

Then passing along to the sign of *St. Andrew*,
And expecting to find Wine as good as e're Man Drew ;
But we found that our hopes were all as much mistaken,
As his that took *Sturgeon* for *Gammon* of *Bacon*.

VIII.

Then passing *White-hall*, we first came to the *Rummer*,
Which like a *Town Jilt* receives every new comer,
But they were so busie in *Dressing great Dinners*,
That they then had no *Rome* for two thirsty poor *Sinners*.

IX. X. XI. XII. XIII.

At the *Garter* my Friend call'd, I at the *King's-head*,
And we both at the *Crown*, and three *Tuns* thought to speed,
Nor omitted to call at the sign *Sandy-Pry'd*;
But alas! how some people in *Lying* will *Glory*,
For *Vintners* like *Gypsies* hang all in a *Story*.
And when we demanded a *Glass* of *Puntack*,
Swore they had not a *Drop* if their *Souls* lay at *stake*.

XIV.

We had call'd at the *Buffler*, but that we both thought,
Our *Friends* Wine and his *Faith* were both equally *naught*.

XV.

At the *Lyon* the Master was thumping the *Back*
Of a *Drawer*, who at *Bar* by mistake cry'd *Puntack* ;
If naming the word is so *Criminal* thought,
The *Vintners* their *Hogs* t'a fine *Market* have brought.

XVI.

Had we drank at the *Chequer*, no Physick could bar us
From Death, for how little, alas ! 'twould avail us,
To drink Wine in a House that looks so like an *Ale-house* ?

XVII. XVIII. XIX.

So pale was the *Rose*, the *Long-Dog* out of Breath,
And *Duck-Wing* had crow'd himself almost to Death ;
That had we at either of these askt for *Claret*,
VVithout question our wishes had quickly miscarried.

XX.

At the *Sun* we were loath for to moisten our Lips,
For we plainly perceiv'd she was then in *Eclipse*.

XXI.

At the sides of *One Tun* my Friend knockt for a Sign,
But a hollow Voice answer'd, *Puntack's not within*.

XXII.

At the *Bear* when for *Claret* we askt the Drawcanfir.
Like the *Sign* he was Muzzled, and gave us no Answer.

XXIII.

VVhen at the *Half moon* we observ'd the gay Sign,
VVe expected to find no good *Claret* within ;
If the *Wine* be but good, let the Sign be a Rush,
For the Learned agree that good VVine needs no Bush.

XXIV.

The Poets who with their Inventions so rack us,
Yet assure us the Goat was acquainted with *Bacchus* ;
Yet the Goat in *Strand* had not *Claret* a Drop,
For last Summer the *Bacchinals* drank it all up.

XXV.

At *Pompeii's* we thought some old *Claret* to try,
But, alas ! of that Liquor the *Fountain* was dry ;

*For much reason
given on
act.*

For since he so lately was fin'd fifty Pound,
For fetching up Bottles from Cellar profound;
VVhen oblig'd by the Law to Sell VVine in a Quart,
VVe found him so fretful, so peevish and short;
But 'twixt Humour and Purse is a Sympathy found,
Our Humour's not well if our Purse is unsound.

XXVI.

How briskly the *Feathers* may look; yet we guesst
Their *Claret* (if any) was none of the best.

XXVII.

The *Vine* in the *Strand*, we observ'd was new Planted,
And to find no good *Claret* there, took it for granted.

XXVIII.

The Doors of the *Swan*, some by order had clos'd 'em,
E're since *Abraham Hills* went to *Abraham's Bosom*.

XXIX.

When for *Claret* at *Ca——ters*, who lives at the Mitre,
VVe askt, she admir'd we came there for to fright her,
For she had not a Drop, or may Man ne're Delight her.

XXX.

When at the *Flve Belts* we would Ring a short Peal,
We perceiv'd by some token all things were not well;
'Twould grieve a Man thence to receive a sad Fate,
For if I am Poyson'd it shall be in State.

XXXI.

At *La——fords* the *Grey-hound*, to call we forbear it,
He being better acquainted with *Punch* than with *Claret*.

XXXII.

At the *White-Horse*, so fam'd for the Consults and Plots,
By Jesuits held, as was sworn by *T. Otes*,

but he told us he had not a Taste,
For ~~was~~ all on't drunk up at the *Dorsetshire* Feast.

XXXIII.

VWhen we stept in at *Ros*—, we heard such distraction,
Of Singing and Gaming, and things sold by Auction,
That the *Tavern* resembled a Wake or a Fair,
And hating all noises did soon disappear.

XXXIV.

The *Ship* who of late Sprung a Leak in the Main,
Is new Corkt, Trim'd and Lancht in the Ocean agen;
We hawld her and askt if she'd *Claret* Aboard,
But the *Captain* and Ships Crew would not answer a word.

XXXV.

The last Tavern we came to, was that of the *Rose*;
At the Door of which stood such a parcel of *Beau's*,
VWho in Eating and Drinking great Criticks commence,
And are Judges of every thing else but of Sense,
VWhen we saw 'em makes Faces, and heard one or two Swear,
That the VVine was the Devil they lately drank there;
VVe rely'd on their word, and ne're stept o're the Groundfil,
But thought they spoke truth like General Council.

Two days in this Search were away vainly thrown,
And we both of us thinking to find none in *Town*;
Then agreed with a *nemine contradicente*,
That since Drinks of our *English* growth was so plenty;
VVe all their Brew'd *Wines* would not value a Rush,
Nor shorten our days by respect to a *Busb*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF any Vintner, Vine-Cooper, &c. between White-Chappel and Westminster-Abby, have some Tuns or Hogs heads of Old, Rich Unadulterated Claret, and will sell it (as the Law directs) for six Pence a Quart: This is to give notice, he shall have more Customers than half his Profession; and his House be as full from Morning to Night as a Conventicle, or Westminster Hall the first day of the Term.

the Term
ing to Night in a Court-room or VVestminster Hall
disputes that day his Proposition; and his Cause be not
for the Power is granted: This is to give notice, that
Richd. Darnley, Clerk, and will sell it (as the Law is)
I and VVestminster-Abby, have some Papers or Manuscripts
of new VVines, VVine-Cooper, &c. between VVestminster-Abby

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